

# The Inquirer

*A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.*

ESTABLISHED IN 1842.]

[REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER.]

No. 3717.  
NEW SERIES, No. 821.]

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1913.

[ONE PENNY.]

## Free Christian Church, MEXBOROUGH.

THIS vigorous and promising church was formed as a result of the resignation by the Rev. Thomas Anderson of the pastorate of the local Congregational Church, after a ministry there of fourteen years, in consequence of a complaint made by the Senior Deacon that he was exploiting the Church for Unitarianism. Resolved to be free from the fetters imposed by a close trust, he resigned, though supported by the majority of the Church. A large section of the members withdrew, and along with a number of Unitarians formed themselves, in February last, into a Free Christian Church, which was heartily welcomed into the newly formed Sheffield District Association of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches. With the financial support of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Mr. Anderson was appointed District Minister, special charge of the churches at Mexborough, Bolton-on-Dearne (founded by Mr. Anderson in 1910) and Barnsley.

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## OUR CALENDAR.

It is requested that notice of any alteration in the Calendar be sent to *the Publisher* not later than Thursday Morning.

N.B.—The name of the Minister of the Church in all cases inserted, unless instructions are received to the contrary by Thursday morning before the date of issue.

## SUNDAY, September 21.

## LONDON.

Acton, Creffield Road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. A. C. HOLDEN, M.A.  
 Bermondsey, Fort-road, 7, Mr. SANDS.  
 Blackfriars Mission and Stamford-street Chapel, 11 and 7, Rev. J. C. BALLANTYNE.  
 Brixton, Unitarian Christian Church, Effra-road, 11 and 7, Mr. W. HARRIS CROOK.  
 Child's Hill, All Souls', Weech-road, Finchley-road, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR DAPLYN.  
 Croydon, Free Christian Church, Wellesley-road, 11 and 7, Rev. W. MORITZ WESTON, D.D., Ph.D.  
 Essex Church, The Mall, Notting Hill Gate, 11 and 7, Rev. FRANK K. FREESTON.  
 Finchley, Granville-road, Ballards-lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. BASIL MARTIN, M.A.  
 Forest Gate, Upton-lane, 11, Mr. F. COTTIER; 6.30, Mr. C. A. PIPER.  
 Hackney, New Gravel Pit Church, Chatham-place, 11.15 and 7, Rev. BERTRAM LISTER.  
 Hampstead, Rosslyn-hill Chapel, 11.15 and 6.30, Rev. H. Gow, B.A.  
 Highgate-hill Unitarian Christian Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. A. CHARLESWORTH.  
 Ilford, High-road, 11 and 7, Rev. A. H. BIGGS.  
 Islington, Unity Church, Upper-street, 11 and 7, Rev. Dr. TUDOR JONES.  
 Kentish Town, Clarence-road, N.W., 11 and 7, Rev. F. HANKINSON.  
 Kilburn, Quex-road, 11 and 7, Rev. CHARLES ROPER, B.A.  
 Leytonstone, 632, High-road, 6.30, Miss M. FRANCIS.  
 Lewisham, Unitarian Christian Church, High-street, 11 and 7, Rev. W. W. CHYNOWETH POPE.  
 Mansford-street Church and Mission, Bethnal Green, 7, Rev. GORDON COOPER.  
 Peckham, Avondale-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. W. ROBSON, B.D.  
 Richmond Free Church, Ormond-road, 11.15 and 7, Rev. F. W. G. FOAT, Litt.D., M.A.  
 Stoke Newington Green, 11.15 and 7, Dr. J. LIONEL TAYLER.  
 Stratford Unitarian Church, 11, Mr. G. BARRETT AYRES; 6.30, Mr. F. COTTIER.  
 University Hall, Gordon-square, W.C., 11.15, Rev. A. HURN. No evening service.  
 Wandsworth Unitarian Christian Church, East Hill, 11 and 7, Rev. W. G. TARRANT, B.A.  
 Wimbledon, Smaller Worple Hall, 7, Mr. W. LEE, B.A.  
 Wood Green Unity Church, 11 and 7, Rev. JOSEPH WILSON.  
 Woolwich, Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, 3 and 6.30, Rev. T. F. M. BROCKWAY.

ABERSTWYTH, New-street Meeting House, 11 and 6.30. Supply.  
 BATH, Trim-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. McDOWELL.  
 BIRMINGHAM, Old Meeting Church, Bristol-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS.  
 BIRMINGHAM, Church of the Messiah, Broad-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. W. AUSTIN, M.A.  
 BLACKPOOL, South Shore Unitarian Free Church, Lytham-road South, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. BODELL SMITH.  
 BOMION, Halliwall-road Free Church, 10.45 and 6.30.  
 BOURNEMOUTH, Unitarian Church, West Hill-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. V. D. DAVIS, B.A.

BRIGHTON, Free Christian Church, New-road, 11 and 7, Rev. PRIESTLEY PRIME.  
 BURY ST. EDMUNDS (Free Christian), Church-gate-street, 11 and 6.45, Mr. J. J. LAY.  
 BUXTON, Hartington-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. STREET.  
 CHESTER, Matthew Henry's Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. JENKIN EVANS.  
 CLIFTON, Oakfield-road Church, 11 and 6.30, Dr. G. F. BECKH.  
 {DEAN ROW, 10.45 and  
 {STYAL, 6.30, Rev. E. A. VOYSEY, M.A.  
 DOVER, Adrian-street, near Market-square, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. GINEVER.  
 DUBLIN, Stephen's Green West, 12 and 7, Rev. E. SAVELL HICKS, M.A.  
 EVESHAM, Oat-street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. E. WILLIAMS.  
 GEE CROSS, 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. HEMING VAUGHAN.  
 HASTINGS, South Terrace, Queen's-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR LOCKETT.  
 HORSHAM, Free Christian Church, Worthing-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. VICTOR MOODY.  
 HULL, Park-street Church (Unitarian), 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. LAWRENCE CLARE.  
 LEEDS, Mill Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WOOD.  
 LEICESTER, The Great Meeting, 11 and 6.30, Rev. EDGAR I. FRIPP.  
 LEWES, Westgate Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. M. CONNELL.  
 LISCARD-WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. PARRY.  
 LIVERPOOL, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. CRADDOCK.  
 LIVERPOOL, Hope-Street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. D. ROBERTS.  
 LIVERPOOL, Ullet-road, Sefton-park, 11 and 6.30, Rev. PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM.  
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Earl-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALEXANDER FARQUHARSON.  
 MANCHESTER, Cross-street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. L. H. THOMAS, B.A.  
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. WHITAKER.  
 MANCHESTER, Upper Brook-street, Free Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. SEALY, M.A.  
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, near Free Library, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ALFRED HALL, M.A.  
 NEWPORT, Isle of Wight, Unitarian Church, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. RUDDLE.  
 OXFORD, Manchester College, 11.30, Rev. Dr. JACKS.  
 PORTSMOUTH, High-street Chapel, 11 and 6.45, Rev. G. W. THOMPSON.  
 PORTSMOUTH, St. Thomas-street, 6.45, Rev. T. BOND.  
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church-street, 10.45 and 6.30.  
 SCARBOROUGH, Westborough, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. JOSEPH WAIN.  
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. J. STREET, M.A., LL.B.  
 SIDMOUTH, Old Meeting, High-street, 11 and 6.30, Rev. WILLIAM AGAR.  
 SOUTHPORT, Portland-street Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. ISLAN JONES, B.A.  
 SOUTHAMPTON, Church of the Saviour, London-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. R. ANDREAE.  
 TORQUAY, Unity Church, Montpellier-road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. E. O'CONNOR.  
 TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Dudley Institute, 11 and 6.30, Mr. PERCIVAL CHALK.  
 WEST KIRBY, Meeting Room, Grange-road, 11 and 6.30.

## CAPETOWN.

Free Protestant (Unitarian) Church, Hout-street, 6.45, Rev. RAMSDEN BALMFORTH.

## ADELAIDE, S. AUSTRALIA.

Unitarian Christian Church, Wakefield-street, 11 and 7, Rev. WILFRED HARRIS, M.A.

## MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Free Religious Fellowship, Collins-street, 11 and 7, Rev. F. SINCLAIRE, M.A.

## VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Unitarian Church, Eagles Hall, 1319, Government-street, Sundays, 7.30 p.m.

## BIRTH.

STRACHAN.—On September 16, at 15, Salmon-grove, Hull, to Dorothy (née Partington) and Charles Maxwell Strachan, a daughter

## DEATH.

THORNHILL.—On September 9, at 6, Elm Park-road, Winchmore Hill, Annie Elizabeth, wife of Alfred Henry Thornhill, and third daughter of the late William Titford, of Highbury, aged 63.

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Advertisements should arrive not later than Twelve o'clock on THURSDAY to appear the same week.



# THE INQUIRER.

*A Journal of Liberal Religion, Literature, and Social Progress.*

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*\*\* All letters and manuscripts for the Editor should be sent to 23, Cannon Place, Hampstead, N.W.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE sympathetic attitude which Sir Oliver Lodge adopted towards the spiritual interpretation of natural facts in his fine and courageous address at Birmingham, has done much already to strengthen the growing friendship between men of science and religious teachers which is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. He did not claim that their aims and methods were, or could be, precisely the same, but he showed how foolish it would be to keep up any longer the old hostility which once divided those who pleaded their faith and those who boasted of their knowledge. Scientists are as much to be blamed for intolerance and dogmatism as the theologians whom they have often treated with some contempt in the past, and what is wanted, now that the old warfare against superstition is no longer being waged so truculently, is a realisation of the fact that there is very much more to learn about life and the universe than has yet been discovered, and that just as truth did not arrive on this planet a few short centuries ago, so it cannot be imprisoned in the laboratory or grasped in all its fulness by chemists and physiologists alone. "The pre-scientific insight of genius—of poets and prophets and saints—is of supreme value, and the access of those inspired seers to the heart of the universe is profound."

\* \* \*

THE Bishop of Birmingham, preaching in the Cathedral on Sunday, spoke with equal sincerity and hopefulness of the reciprocity between science and religion which is of such happy augury for the future welfare of humanity, and at the same time of the limitations which both

must acknowledge. "To know anything," he said, "is to have a certainty of it derived from study. That study has been based upon some foundation accepted upon evidence; in other words, faith has had some place even in the realm of science. . . . I desire knowledge for certain definite ends, two of which are the great common ideals of the religious and of the scientific worker. These are, first, the understanding of the purposes of the Great Architect of the Universe; second, the promotion of human happiness and efficiency. When we read the words of our great philosopher, 'A man is but what he knoweth,' or again, 'The pleasures of the intellect are greater than the pleasure of the affections,' we are conscious that either the writer is trying to isolate himself from a sense of corporate responsibility, or he is reading into the word 'Know' and into the word 'Intellect' deeper meanings than the world generally ascribes to them. I turn my gaze upon the twinkling spheres of the heavens, and as I understand the distance, construction, age of any one of them a little better than did my inquiring forefathers, I yet realise that full knowledge is further from me than it appeared to those of a past generation, but that full knowledge is to be had, though not by me, and not to-day, nor possibly in as many æons ahead as the world has already known."

\* \* \*

THE Rev. J. M. Lloyd Thomas, commenting on the Presidential address in a sermon preached at the Church of the Messiah, said he was glad that Sir Oliver Lodge had made a plea for fair play in the matter of psychical research. It required some courage for a scientific man to face the contempt of the less philosophically-minded of his colleagues and the ridicule of a Philistine public by devoting himself to the serious examination of abnormal psychic phenomena. But if our

Empire, in the reaction against orthodox Christianity on the one hand and in the rebound from materialism on the other, was not to be flooded like decadent Rome with the grossest superstitions and most degrading credulities, then it was necessary that there should be a standing jury of experts, composed of both critical and sympathetic minds, trained to discern truth and detect error, to sift the evidence.

\* \* \*

PROFESSOR ARMINIUS VAMBÉRY, who died suddenly at his residence in Budapest on Sunday last in his 82nd year, was a man of European reputation as a traveller and an Oriental scholar. He was born in Hungary of Jewish parents, and suffered all his life from the dislike and suspicion still so prevalent in many parts of the Continent towards Jews. He united to an extraordinary degree great linguistic capacity and love of scholarship with a daring adventurousness, which led him into many dangerous parts of the East. He was an admirer of the Turks and deeply versed in their language and literature. "Corresponding in their own language with Tartars and Turcomans, Osmanlis, Persians, Hindus and Parsees, he kept himself in constant touch with the East." On one side of his character he was like Sir Richard Burton: on another he was a professor and a politician. He was strongly anti-Russian, and was fond of warning England of the dangers of a Russian advance on India. He was much regarded both by Queen Victoria and King Edward, and on his 70th birthday received from the latter the Commandership of the Victorian Order. He will be best remembered for his deep sympathy and wide understanding of Eastern peoples, and the toils and dangers he encountered in associating with them.

\* \* \*

IN view of the rather patronising and superior attitude sometimes assumed by



Anglicans in England towards Nonconformists there is a curious irony in the situation of Anglicans in Austria as described by the *Times* of September 16. "The Austrian State legally recognises certain religions: others it does not. Among these latter is the Anglican Church." "Since the Church is not recognised by the State its members are termed *confessionals*: strictly speaking they are therefore unable to contract a legal union with Christians (*i.e.*, members of such Christian creeds as are recognised by the State)." The offspring of an Anglican marriage in Austria is, strictly speaking, illegitimate. A broad-minded Austrian judge has recently dared to express the opinion that, after all, Anglicans ought to be considered Christians. "History shows," he said, "that Anglicanism is derived from the common Christian religion as directly, for instance, as the Augsburg or Helvetic Confession." We hope that this wise and tolerant judge will not lose his place for thus daring to assert that even Anglicans ought to be regarded as Christians. Still more is it to be desired that Anglicans would learn from their treatment in Austria to avoid any suspicion of similar treatment of Nonconformists in England. We have learnt some tolerance and respect for different forms of faith through the study of comparative religion. There is wisdom and sympathy and humility to be learnt by all the churches through the study of comparative persecutions.

\* \* \*

ONE of the most pleasing features of the British Association meeting was the honour paid to Mme. Curie, who received an honorary degree and was enthusiastically received as "the greatest woman scientist of all time," and to Miss Ethel Sargant, who had the distinction of being the first woman to be president of one of the sections. Miss Sargant delivered an address on the developments of the study of botanical embryology since 1870, and at the outset made a felicitous personal reference. Section K, she said, had made a great innovation in choosing a woman for its president, and she would not refrain from thanking them in the name of her sex because she happened to be the woman chosen. And, though she felt very keenly the honour they had done her as a botanist, yet that feeling was less prominent than gratitude for the generosity shown to all women in that choice. Speaking in their name, she might venture to say that the highest form of generosity was that which dared to do an act of justice in the face of custom and prejudice.

\* \* \*

THE Rev. Philip Wicksteed, who presided over the Economic Science and Statistical Section, dealt in his address, which we summarise elsewhere, with the scope and

method of political economy in the light of the "Marginal" or "Differential" theory of distribution. One thing clearly emerged from the technicalities in which a lecturer on such a subject must necessarily involve his hearers—the desirability of humanising economics and re-establishing them "on a sensible basis." The economic machine was constructed and moved by individuals for individual ends. It was a means, and its whole value consisted in the nature of the ends it subserved and its efficacy in subserving them. For this reason the sanity of men's desires mattered more than the abundance of their means of accomplishing them, and the final goal of education and of legislation alike must be to thwart corrupt and degrading ends, to stimulate worthy desires, to infect the mind with a wholesome scheme of values, and to direct means into the channels where they were likeliest to conduce to worthy ends.

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MR. CYRIL COBB, Chairman of the L.C.C., and Mr. J. W. Gilbert, Chairman of the Education Committee, have sent an important letter to the *Times* of Thursday, dealing with some questions raised by the Council's recent reorganisation of the evening schools. They recognise that evening schools have not hitherto been a success. "There are approximately 195,000 students of all ages attending the various kinds of evening schools in London. Of these 49,000 are between the ages of 14 and 17. The number of young people in London between the ages of 14 and 17 is estimated at 210,000, so that of the total number there are about 160,000 who do not attend. Further, of the 195,000 students of all ages who enrolled during the session 1910-11, no fewer than 40,000 made less than 14 hours' attendance at instruction in any one subject." With the hope of increasing the interest and attendance, each evening school has been given under the new scheme a specific purpose, "commercial, domestic, technical, and so on." In a letter to clergymen and ministers, sent out by the L.C.C. on the same date, they refer to the "dissatisfaction regarding the defective education of young people entering business careers." "A still more important aspect of the question is that at a time when the influence of the day school ceases, and when parental control is weakening, such large numbers of boys and girls should withhold themselves from that guidance which the complexities and tendencies of modern life are year by year rendering more necessary." "The fact is," says the *Times*, "the whole of our educational system breaks down unless attendance at evening classes is made the rule, with or without the consent of young people, over the age of 14." In Germany we know the system of continuation schools is compulsory. The L.C.C.

are making a most praiseworthy effort to obtain similar results without compulsion.

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MR. YOSHIO MARKINO contributes a suggestive article on memory, written with all his customary naïveté and ingenuousness, to the current *Nineteenth Century and After*. He begins by saying that, at first, "the human beings are just like houses" with empty brains, all ready to be furnished later on, and ends by advising "the forthcoming youth" to "be diligent to get memory and imagination in his brain," because "the empty houses with the board 'to let' are not nice thing in the world." The analogy between the brain of the newly-born and an empty house seems rather misleading, however, for apart from the fact that the former has been moulded and developed by the thought of the past, and that memory, if unconscious memory, already occupies it and prompts the first instinctive movements of the child, it is capable of growth and expansion like a living thing as more demands are made upon it, and a building of brick or stone is not. The brain may be more fitly compared, as we have read somewhere recently, to an organ, "the organ of the mind, whose keyboard we can draw to-day; but the problem of the organist remains." It is true that the brain receives impressions and holds the record of past experiences, but what the mysterious self which manipulates it out of sight and hearing will do with them no one can foretell.

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AN interesting point is touched upon in the following passage:—"When my brother's friend, Sergeant Morinami, came to London to see me, he gave me a good advice which I have been practising ever since. That is to say, don't keep everything in your memory if you can write it down. For instance, such as your everyday's engagements can be put down in your diary book, then you need not remember in your head any longer. If you try to remember everything in your head, that will disturb your brain to do your most important work in the world." This is comforting to those who suffer very much from their inability to remember unimportant details, and from the criticism of well-meaning friends who seem to be proud of the fact that their minds are perfect lumber-rooms of trivial facts which too often crowd out the bigger and nobler interests in life. It is, moreover, by some such process that so many of our actions become instinctive, and are performed quite easily without the whole force of the mind being brought to bear upon them. We hand over a good deal of routine work to the "diary book" of the sub-conscious self, and concentrate upon the things which we have not, as yet, learned to do automatically.



## THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN PULPIT

### SALVATION BY FAITH.

BY THE REV. W. WHITAKER, B.A.

"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: lest any man should boast."—Eph. ii. 8.

No one can ponder long upon the universal unrests and perplexities that are now everywhere showing themselves in human society without seeing that they all resolve themselves into one all-pervading movement, and express one common impulse. There is now evident as perhaps there has never been for generations, in like volume and force, a longing and a serious concern about *making life right*, and achieving the human ideal. There is a vast preoccupation with the idea of securing for individuals, and for the whole of society, their true life. If it does not, as yet, rise to the height of a quest after personal goodness and holiness, still there is a tacit agreement, a shy consent, that personal goodness and holiness, if they did not seem so ridiculously out of the question, *would* be the finest windfalls that could come to the world of men. The growing eagerness to get at reality, and to simplify life down to its essentials, is unmistakably present and powerful in multitudes of minds that do not care to dwell upon far-off sublimities. And the motive of it all is that men's thoughts are more and more set upon attaining *rightness*. Even if they do not believe that it can be attained, there is a hankering after it that makes a great part of the pathos of our modern situation.

(1) In what way, then, does our religion meet this mute, appealing, significant hunger of the present-day soul—a hunger as elemental and goading as the cry for salvation has ever been at any time of spiritual resurgence? Religion meets it by reinterpreting it. And to reinterpret it means to deepen it—make it more clamorous and disturbing. The medicine has to make the disease seem more hurtful before it can begin to cure. Before the reconciliation can take place the two sides of the estrangement have to be more bitterly emphasised. That is why so many people shrink from the way of saving faith; because it seems to bring peace and not a sword, and to drive the dissonance deeper.

(2) Yet it ought to be apparent to everybody, by this time of day, that there is no solution, and no salvation, by merely taking things as they are, and by taking men's selves as they are, and imagining that we can get our ideal out of the given fact of the world as we now see it. The given, the *datum*, will not do, we must have the *beyond*. It is of no use to cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. There is something we have not yet got. There is a power we do not, and cannot, at present, wield. To pretend that we have all the elements of a complete success is superficial, and worse. The world in its wisdom thinks that it knows how to work out its own salvation. "But is the thing we see salvation?" We must dig the gulf deeper, and make our lack plainer.

(3) For one thing we come to see that power is not in ourselves. No, it is not! let philosophy charm never so wisely. "Be yourself," says philosophy. But that is what I am anxious not to be. "Be your true self" is the amended version of it; but, alas, my true self is never my actual self. "But is there not a higher self which you are always being impelled to be and to choose?" Yes; but who is to choose? Which self is it that chooses to be higher? Certainly not the lower? And the higher so often seems "powerless to be born." But, thank God, sometimes, however rarely, the miracle does happen. The higher *is* brought to birth. The lower *is* put aside, and put under, and has its claim quashed. Which self is it that has brought this about? Is it not plain that the self has drawn power from somewhere, from someone, which it did not possess of itself—which in fact it was utterly hopeless of ever possessing? Power is not in ourselves, if by "ourselves" we mean the bungling, wayward, rebellious centres of experience that go wrong more often than right. The Power is outside and above ourselves. It is only "in ourselves" when it comes in from beyond. It is not a *datum*, not part of the given fact of life in ordinary experience. It is a Higher, and a Greater, and a Better than we generally *know*, than we ever completely *are*. It is not we, not the ordinary we, not the selves that we know, so troubled, limited, baffled. It is far other than we. You may say, if you like, for the sake of getting all your world into one picture, that all which happens to a man is *in* a man, and that all which comes to a man comes because it is already there. But that is, after all, only "a bravery of the Stoics," an Emersonian flight. It is just because the world is not all one picture that there is hope for us. The Power that lifts me is above me. The Goodness that shames me is beyond me. The Transfiguring Love that can make all my world different is surely other than I am.

(4) And if this is so, then Salvation must be by Faith. It must come by submission to, and by a downright acceptance of, that Higher and Better and Stronger and Lovelier, who is even now waiting to save us. We must bring our soul into the presence of this God. We must surrender ourselves to the will of this Power. If we want rightness, if we would achieve soundness, the first step is to acknowledge with our whole being the working of that Law which has us in its hold and will not let us go. This is a self-committal that is repugnant to many minds. All faith seems to them an abjectness, a laying down of the proud prerogatives of the intellect, a loss of independence. Yet it is a fact that the call of Faith has an urgency that is felt through the deepest chambers of the heart. If it is hard to have Faith, it is still harder not to have it. If we do not possess within ourselves the power we so sorely need, yet we do possess the hunger that tells us we need it. If our Reason does not tell us what to believe, it tells us that belief is altogether reasonable. The most reasonable thing we can do at this moment is to turn passionately to God and throw ourselves upon His power to save us. The

question of questions for us must continue to be, until we get an answer to it, Have we found that Other of the soul, that Higher than the self, that Better than our best? On the finding of it, and the acknowledgment of it, depends all that we mean by Salvation.

(5) I say this is what the modern consciousness finds to be reasonable. And mainly because Faith does meet one special difficulty of the situation. The difficulty is this. We see now more than ever before that the moral ideal is infinite, and the goal recedes further and further the more we advance towards it. Therefore the more we desire to attain rightness and achieve goodness, the less able we seem to be to satisfy its unsatiated demand. We find that goodness is not an external commandment. It is not a measured-out rule of life. It is exceedingly spiritual—and we are not. One way of meeting the difficulty is to cut down the moral requirement to the level of man's ordinary practice. That has often been tried. It has always failed. Now the way of Faith is this. It accepts the infinite obligation, but instead of falling back from it aghast and despairing it interprets the command as a request for Love. It is not God saying "Do this or perish." It is God saying "Love Me, for how can you reject My love for you?" The law had said "Obey," and we had replied "We cannot." The Gospel says that if we love enough we can. If we love, on the one hand, the moral obligation will always seem greater and greater. But if we love, on the other hand, we shall perfectly fulfil the obligation. Now, is not that just our modern need? Is it not what all the world wants? And that is what Faith brings about. For it is no longer *I* that do it. It is no longer *I* who even try to do it. It is God and *I*. It is God dwelling in me by Faith. How can *I* not do it, if *I* believe that He loved me and gave Himself for me—that He loves me and gives Himself for me every minute that *I* live and think?

(6) "Well," comes the final objection, "it is an impossibility; a fine dream, a desirable dream, but a dream for all that; for if there were no other difficulty in the matter there is this insuperable difficulty, that a man cannot alter his past: we are all in the grip of the men we have been; and even love cannot alter that." This is, indeed, the "last wave" of the modern resistance to Faith. But it is just here that the answer of the Gospel is most crushingly triumphant and final. For there is one sense, and only one, in which the past can be altered. It can be altered by being made the raw material out of which to manufacture the future. Our past can be taken by Infinite Mercy and made the occasion of Infinite Forgiveness. The Gospel says that God's love was given to us not in spite of our past but because of it. The fact of redemption rests on the fact of sin. So the Faith that brings Salvation is a repenting Faith. Repentance towards God is already the beginning of a new life, for it is the beginning of Faith. We become new men because of the old we have been and are ashamed of. On our dead selves we rise. This is not mere theory, but proved and realised experience. It is the great contribution to history of the Christian centuries. We are



saved through faith, for faith undoes the past.

(7) The deepest problems of our time are often all personal problems. And three of the gravest of these are the Problem of the Self, the Problem of the Moral Dilemma, and the Problem of the Past. But our religion puts into our hands the key to them all. A present experience of salvation is the need of our time, and every man may have it. Let us go and preach it to the whole world.

## LIFE, RELIGION & AFFAIRS.

### A PRESBYTERIAN WORTHY.

#### V.

A VERY noticeable feature in the diary are what Dr. Clegg calls his "deliverances"—that is special interventions of Providence to rescue him from personal danger. Every disaster is to him a penalty inflicted by Divine wrath. In one place he rejoices that God in His just anger has given a victory to the British fleet over the wicked Spaniards, and in another he cites half-a-dozen calamitous personal accidents with comments on the sins which must have occasioned them. Every escape is contrariwise a proof of the special acceptableness of the person saved to the Deity. These escapes occur singularly often to himself, so that one begins to wonder how a man in a lifetime of seventy-five years could get into so many awkward scrapes, and is tempted to think that motoring and aeroplaning are not more dangerous occupations than that of an active doctor and minister of a century and three-quarters ago.

Out of very many instances here are a few:—

"April, 1729.—Had a merciful deliverance, being violently thrown down by a madding cow, but had not much harm."

"March 10th, 1730.—At night on our return from Buxton, my mare boggled and started near Martinside, and ran headlong with me through deep ruts and stone pitted a considerable way before I could stop her. I was in very great danger, but had no fall."

"August 7th, 1732.—I set out with Mr. Clements and his son to see Chatsworth. On our return through ye florest, my young mare fell with me and cast me over her head. My head happened to pitch on ye side of a causeway, and I was stunned so by the fall as to be taken up for dead, but through the mercy of God recovered and came home after. My face was hurt and my cheek cutt, and I have had great pain in my head since. Blessed be God for this deliverance."

"May 10th, 1736.—I set out for home from Manchester. When I was got on horseback to return, in passing through a gate an iron hook, it was hasped with, caught hold on my great coat, and stuck through the top of my strong boot, and ye mare rushing forward under me, I fell on my head and shoulder to the ground with great violence, the rest of my body hung

by my boot on ye hook. I was stunned with ye fall. Fras. Thomason with difficulty disengaged me, and I mounted again and came home, much pained in my head and shoulder. This was a great and remarkable deliverance; I desire I may never forget it. Blessed be God for this merciful and seasonable appearance for me."

It is possible but not certain that a part of the explanation of these accidents is to be found in such entries as the following, which are to be found here and there:—

"April 28th, 1750.—I am much indisposed by pain in the breast. My stomach I knew was foul and full of phlegm and choler, lodged there by getting one cold after another, and drinking too much rum and water in my late journey to Derby which had much wasted and sunk my spirits; all which made me apprehend a bad fitt coming on."

In the same month he writes:—"Went to Ford Hall, where I stayed too late, and I found the rum and water I drank disordered my head when I came into ye cold air. I must be more careful and avoid excess for ye future."

Once indeed, presumably after some excess, he anticipates the vegetarians and the teetotallers of the present:—

"July 31st, 1740.—I am intending by degrees to fall into a vegetable diet and to leave off all strong liquors, hoping it may be beneficial both to body and mind."

But the convivial habits of the time were too often a snare for him. It is noticeable that all his accidents happened to him not when he was leaving home, but when he was returning after spending an evening at an inn dinner or with some friend or in some company where intoxicants were consumed. He generally lays the blame on his mare, but as he had several and all behaved alike they, could they have spoken, might have placed the fault on the other party. If, however, what is said of the habits of his contemporaries, for example the dignified Joseph Addison, that "parson in a tie-wig," be not exaggerated, Clegg's lapses were not excessive by any means for that age, and his contrition is touching.

Considering the good minister's practical activity, his preaching, his pastoral visiting, his practice as a physician in which he was called to see patients sometimes so far off as at Southwell, his farming, his attendance at markets and his dealings in farm stock, and the time he notes as having spent in recreations, it might hastily be inferred that he had no hours to spare for rest, for sleep, or for reading—which last is not a pursuit that can be carried on effectively when the thoughts are absorbed in miscellaneous business details. But no; he bought books, read many, and contrived to get himself accepted as an authority on them, and to be called in to value and dispose of a bequest of a large library. Whilst yet a young man at Manchester he notes studying the works of Episcopius, Socinus, and Crellius. What effect this study had does not clearly appear; the first does not seem to have made him an anti-Calvinist, nor the two latter to have made him an avowed Unitarian. He makes such notes as:—

"April 27th, 1733.—At home most part

of the day reading Mr. Neal's 'History of the Puritans.'"

Mr. Kirk remarks:—"Clegg neglected neither his mind nor his body. On the 20th May, 1753, we find him buying four gallons of wine, and on July 6th he received Bayle's 'Great Historical and Critical Dictionary.' 'It cost me 4 guineas. I spent most of ye day in it.'"

The dictionary first came out in 1696, and was early translated. Clegg's copy was probably a translation, perhaps with matter which would have been offensive to English readers deleted. We are not told what Clegg thought of Bayle's Dictionary—whether, like Frederic Harrison, he admired it for its "profound dialectic, forming logicians yet above them," or, like Carlyle, despised it as "a mighty tide of ditchwater." Bayle, as is well known, in treating on controversial subjects, though essentially he was a denier, generally, made a practice of presenting the arguments of both sides impartially and leaving the reader to draw his own conclusion. His method was that symbolised by the title of the journal named THE INQUIRER. Clegg received no withering scepticism from Bayle, for he continued to the end to believe even in "bog-garts," as apparitions are called at Chapel-en-le-Frith.

Christianity from the beginning has made faith a supreme merit. Its benefits when it is justified and pure are incalculably great. The misfortune is that faith is liable to the disease of credulity. James Clegg's mind was predisposed to faith, and he was a beneficent man of action, but certain of his beliefs would seem crude to most persons in the present age. In the diary he records believingly more than one appearance of evil spirits, but his accounts are, as being very circumstantial, too long to quote. But the following is too striking to be omitted, which, however, is not in the diary, but is from a letter "published in the *Reliquary*, 1860, by the late Mr. Llewellyn Jewitt, from a MS. copy in his own possession." This letter was sent by Clegg to Dr. Latham, a tutor of his son Benjamin at the dissenting academy at Finnerne. The date appears to be January, 1743. The ghosts were resenting a grievance, which was that their bodies were buried within the church instead of under the open sky:—

"I know you are pleased with anything curious and uncommon in nature, and if what follows shall appear such, I can assure you eye-witnesses of the truth of every particular. . . . On the last of August several hundreds of bodies rose out of the grave in the open day in that church, to the great Astonishment and Terror of several spectators. They deserted the Coffins, and arising out of the graves ascended directly towards Heaven, singing in concert all along as they mounted through the air. They had no winding sheets about them, yet did not appear quite naked; their vesture seemed streaked with gold, interlaced with white, yet thought to be exceeding light by the agility of their motions and the swiftness of their ascent. They left a most fragrant and delicious odour behind them, but were quickly out of sight, and what is become of them, or in what Distant Region of the vast system they have since fixed their



Residence, no mortal can tell. The church is at Hayfield, three miles from Chapel-en-le-Frith."

This event was one hundred and seventy years ago, but surely there is matter in it to interest Dr. A. R. Wallace, Sir Oliver Lodge, and the Committee of the Society for Psychical Research.

It is plain that Dr. Clegg's intellect had large and obscure cavities in it, and that his studies in Aristotle and Ramus, and in "metaphysick and pneumatology" had not made him a doubter. But he did not wilfully close that intellect. He would have disregarded John Henry Newman's exhortation, "If you will not join the Church, avoid inquiry; for it will but lead you thither where there is no light, no peace, no hope." He had no fear that "philosophy would pluck away angels' wings." His mind was naturally inclined towards practical activity, and therefore drawn away from earnest speculative investigation.

HALLIWELL THOMAS.

(To be continued.)

## CONSERVATORIES.

SUMMER—"child of the sun, refulgent summer" has gone and has given place to autumn—"yellow autumn, wreathed with nodding corn." Woods are visibly shrinking, late fruits are falling to decay, and though many flowers of the open garden are still making, and will, for some time to come, make a gallant struggle against the depressing decline of the year and the dank vapours and chilling airs of morning and evening, they are all foredoomed.

And yet, no; not quite all, either. There was a time—few people know how recent it was—when, from the fall of the leaf to the budding of spring, nearly all was death and desolation in the vegetable world. It is not so now. October, November, December, January, February and March were to our forefathers almost inseparably associated with darkness, cold, stormy winds and general sterility. Few people have any idea how largely we are indebted to foreign lands for even the greenery of our gardens and woods, to say nothing of fruits and flowers in the winter time. For six dreary months of the year our forefathers, not so very far back, had no fruits, little or nothing in the way of fresh vegetables, practically no flowers. No wonder that by the time spring hung out her first signals of returning life, the taking of medicine was a practice all but universal, or that, when May blossoms came thick and fast in the track of March storms, they threw care to the winds, and all of them, from kings to cobblers, trooped out into the fields, hoisted their May-poles, and went frolicking round their "Jacks-in-the-Green." It was almost worth while to have gone through one of those old-fashioned winters with its unlighted streets, its smoky homes ablink with nothing better than rush-lights, its dearth of everything but the bare necessities of life, afterwards to have known the rapturous novelty and delight of one bright, expansive spring day.

It was only with the gradual growth of our foreign commerce and the introduction of plants from warmer regions that the necessity for winter protection began to be felt. Glass houses of one sort and another for horticultural purposes are now so commonly adopted that it is difficult to realise that the winter conservation of plants is, comparatively speaking, quite a new idea.

Of course, it is not to be asserted that until very recent times glass was never used for prolonging or expediting the blossoming of plants or for their protection against the severest of weather. "Greenhouses," no doubt, are of tolerably long standing; but it seems to be a fact that the modern conservatory has been almost entirely developed since the establishment of the Royal Horticultural Society's Gardens at Chiswick, in 1822. The earliest use of glass in the garden was merely for the exclusion of wet and cold during the depth of winter. A leading authority on horticultural matters, who writes in the sixteenth century, seems to have no idea whatever even of this, and it probably was not till a century or so after his time that artificial heating was resorted to in the cultivation of what Pepys calls "exotique plants." The Royal Horticultural Society has in its possession a drawing which seems to make it pretty clear that by the time of Charles II. the conservatory had, at any rate, made a fair start in this country. This drawing represents the gardener at Hampton Court on bended knee before King Charles II., to whom he was proudly presenting a home-grown pineapple. The garrulous old diarist, Pepys, trusting, perhaps, to the undecipherable nature of his shorthand, makes a little confession which constitutes further evidence of the existence of the conservatory in England at about this time. It was at Hackney, he tells us, that he first saw oranges growing, and, he adds, "I pulled off a little one by stealth, the man being mightily curious of them, and ate it, and it was just as other little green small oranges are." But, even in the eighteenth century it seems evident that no great general advance had been made in the winter cultivation of plants. A popular writer of the period approvingly quotes one authority who, after pointing out the importance of a free circulation of air in the greenhouse and the great danger of damp in combination with cold, says: "Therefore, use a little charcoal fire, which, after it has burnt clear, and has done smoking, hang it up between the windows and the plants. One of these fires will keep the house warm and dry for twenty-four hours, and by this means I do not lose one plant in a hard winter." That appears in a book published in 1724, and it may no doubt be assumed to be the best advice that could be given to the private gardener at that time of day. Even in the early half of the nineteenth century, when the Royal Horticultural Society was established, heating by hot-water pipes was all but unknown, and, as Mr. Knight tells us, matters pertaining to the erection and maintaining of greenhouses and conservatories were in a very crude and unsatisfactory state. In 1822 the great Chiswick garden took up a

splendid lead in practical experimenting on lines already commenced at Kew. Somehow, however, gardening under glass was not generally taken up with much enthusiasm until Sir Joseph Paxton astonished the whole world by the great glittering structure in which he encased some of the tall trees in Hyde Park, in 1851, for the first Great Exhibition. "Everybody" went to the world's first Great Exhibition, and it really seemed as though everybody went home full of the idea of a small Crystal Palace in their back gardens. The thing was ridiculously overdone. It became a craze. Thousands who had never attempted gardening out of doors went into the business under glass with great enthusiasm. All over the land glass houses sprang up like soap-bubbles, and the majority of them, of course, were melancholy failures. But the movement as a whole undoubtedly did much to encourage and develop the demand for mid-winter flowers. It has not been all clear gain, and much might be said for a return to natural gardening and strictly seasoned flowers. The natural is in the end always the healthy, and just as we are now learning that some human diseases can be cured only by out-of-door life and unlimited fresh air, so we are told it is with plants. They may be coddled under glass till, like the hollyhock, they become subject to disease which may be remedied only by a return to out-of-door life. And there is some loss of healthy sentiment, too.

At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow on May's new-fangled thorn.

## THE CHILDREN AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

LIFE is for each of us pretty much what we make it, or rather, what we think of it, the imaginings of a man's heart being often stronger than the (apparent) realities of his surroundings.

The children at the cross-roads, for instance; how does Life present itself to the interpretation of their bright young intelligences? There are four of them now; they are rapidly growing into one of the "long, wake families" that abound in the neighbourhood. Indeed, it had been said of them, that it must be "a hard job to keep the full spoon to them, but sure God Almighty never sends a mouth but what He sends something to put into it! Hasn't He some little way of His own for looking after the like of them!"

Yes, to outsiders their condition must seem somewhat pitiful. Food and clothing scanty; comforts rare; pleasures nil. But if you have never had anything else from the time you took notice of anything, your point of view adapts itself, and you accept your circumstances as just part of the world's established order.

Before Rose Mary, the eldest, had any sense, she used to enjoy running out upon the road at the rare sound of an approaching vehicle, to try to catch the revolving wheels, till she was deterred for ever from this fascinating pastime by a deft whip-fleck, bestowed in all good feeling by a



passing coachman, just to "larn her betther."

But Rose Mary is five now, and said to be getting "rale sensible." She'll throw a bit to the hens, as handy as any ould woman; and mind the last baby, too, seated on an old sack outside the door, or maybe on the pleasant grass that springs, deep and green, along our lonely roadsides. Primroses star that grass in spring, and later there are speedwell, wild geranium, cow parsnip, spiritually white and glistening, while the hedgerows are wreathed with wild roses and fragrant with honeysuckle. The baby is a trifle heavy for Rose Mary still, but she is proud of doing nurse; and so she sits there, happily enough, supporting that wobbly little frame tenderly, and imitating mother as well as she can. But I think she likes better going for milk to Mrs. Murphy's at the farmhouse, a piece off down the road. Her father has provided her with a can for this purpose—a can of considerable importance, the outcome of much care and thought. It must not be too big, that can, for Rose Mary is only capable of a light burden; and, besides, you wouldn't wish to appear too "covechous," when Mrs. Murphy would be filling it for you. At the same time, it was, as father had said, when at last the week's money had enabled him to bring it home from the shop, a can that you mightn't be ashamed of going for milk to anybody's house—a remark that explains his neglect till now of Mrs. Murphy's offer, made weeks before, to bestow the much-craved "sup of milk" as long as her cow would be milking anyways well, if they'd go for it of an evening. And father really hadn't had the price of the can till then. You can't put on many frills with an income of ten shillings a week.

Johnny, the next biggest child, goes with Rose Mary on these occasions, both children spruced up to wander forth, hand in hand, on their errand. I sometimes wonder how long they spend on the way! For they seem as vague and inconsequent as two little butterflies, but smiling and content. Next to Johnny comes little Pat, who was just able to stand by a stool when the last baby was born, and Pat's snubby nose was put out of joint thereby. I know Patsy well, a pathetic kind of child, with an unenviable capacity for "getting whatever sickness is going."

"He won't be well over one bout, till he'll have another," says the children's Aunt Margaret, who is at service close by. "Faith, them all thought that last cowl he took would get the betther of him entirely. And very contrary in himself little Pat is, this while back! The mother says its what he's mortified with his teeth; getting them very hard, he is, the crather!" Another woe, that, added to his loss of dignity consequent upon the advent of the last baby, may account for the curious mixture of sad resignation, of resentfulness, and of confidence abused, that one fancies in his big soft eyes.

"But I think," adds Aunt Margaret, "that it's what the father has them all sp'iled! It's his own fault, the way he has them petted on him, so much so that the instant minute he'll be inside of an evening in the chimney corner they'll

all be at him, wanting to get rides on his knee! And Patsy that'll roar milia murther to be carrit in his arms, when he'll go out to feed the pig, or bring in a few turf. Sure it's no way to be going on, and the man tired and wearied out after his day's work! They should be checked; childher has a right to be kep' under!" says Aunt Margaret, with a severity of look and tone that sits oddly upon her, when one recalls how often her sparse pennies transmute themselves into lucky-bags or sugar-sticks for these little ones. The lucky-bags are, I think, in most favour. They cost a halfpenny, and you never know what you'll find when you tear them open. Rose Mary's "luck" one evening was a lovely pin with a blue glass head, that she proudly wore in the front of her "bib" till one day she had to lend it to Patsy, to stop him bawling, and he lost it "on" her.

Not many passers-by are there for the children at the crossroads to see. We live rather out of the world, along our road. Yet even here an occasional motor will thunder by, swift and fearsome; just a great noise and a cloud of dust, and then it's gone. The children have been warned to "l'ave the way and come in ou'er that," when a coming hoot is heard through the sweet silence in which they live. It flashes past, and their lives are unaffected thereby. To be sure, it has happened that a frightened hen has been sacrificed under those great wheels. Once it was the big grey gander who, bent on protecting his family, refused to flee before the approaching motor, but stood with outstretched wings and fierce screamings till his brave life was crushed out. The Quality in the car were much concerned, and made good the loss; though the mother said, agreeably, "Sure your Honour mightn't mind! what har-rum?" an opinion shared by Rose Mary, who was much relieved by this happening. She and Johnny suffered many things because of the threatening hisses of the poor gander.

Of more immediate importance to the children is that very different vehicle, the ass-cart, in which sometimes they are "carrit" to Mass of a Sunday, and sometimes to the bog with father when he goes there to get the bit of turf. The ass paces along so slowly that father says its "next door to a wheel-barra!" But it can't last too long for the children, who are curled up on a "lock" of hay in the cart, moving along the quiet roads, where wayside trees cast pleasant flecks of light and shade. And what a playground the bog is! ferns, moss, and heather under foot; above, the warm, sunny sky; and blowing over the wide, wonderfully silent expanse of peat land comes the sweetest, most health-giving air imaginable.

Ah, those cross-roads! You look along their winding ways, and maybe you speculate and dream about the pathways of life, along which those feet, now bare and pretty, will one day have to go, wearily enough. But the children think of none of these things, God bless them! and play about as happily as if home and love do really make part of the eternal verities—a truth which their foolish elders are apt to forget.

K. F. PURDON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by correspondents. LETTERS CANNOT BE INSERTED WITHOUT THE WRITER'S NAME, and all private information should be accompanied by the name and address of the senders.*

### HOURS IN WORKSHOPS.

SIR,—The article in last week's INQUIRER on "Men's Workshops" made me think of a sad, and to my mind disgraceful, case which came to my notice while visiting in Sheffield in July. I met three of my old Sunday-school "girls" of 45 years ago. They, their father, and grandfather before them, have worked for one of the largest firms in the city. The eldest, now a woman of 60, and the second, at 58, have worked at the file trade for 40 and 38 years respectively. Their work is in a fairly large workshop. For finishing the files a chemical, with extremely noxious fumes, and a stove at great heat have to be used, and after this process the packing and lifting of the files is very exhausting work. The hours are from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., except on Saturdays, when they are from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m., with during the last two years' "boom" a good deal of "overtime"; one hour is allowed for dinner; these hours also apply, apparently, to quite young girls. For this drudgery they receive the handsome sum, in time of good trade, of from 15s. to 17s. per week; this is, of course, "piece work." In time of bad trade, they have to be in the workshop the same number of hours and sometimes earn as little as 5s. per week each. Is this the best our boasted civilisation can do for our working women? Save the lash, was there anything worse in the old days of slavery?—Yours, &c.,

FANNY A. SHORT.

SIR,—In a most admirable article this week on "Men's Workshops" a very important subject is dealt with bearing upon economic and social progress. I refer to that terrible disease tuberculosis. Here we have a disease which is both preventible and curable, and yet the evil continues to exist. Why? Because its prevention and cure are beyond the reach of the great working masses of our people. Tuberculosis as a great social problem is a question of £ s. d., and so long as our workers are the slaves of the capitalist, so long will the great monster of consumption stalk in our midst. It is surely a disgrace to our so-called Christian country that owing to our imperfect and corrupt industrial conditions such a vast loss of life from consumption should be permitted. Is it not time that this grave question was tackled in all earnestness? The writer of the article showed how it is associated with economic considerations, and there, in my opinion, lies the root of the evil.—Yours, &c.,

G. HARRISON.

Southport, September 15, 1913.

### THE GOTHENBURG SYSTEM.

SIR,—I am reluctant to intervene in the controversy between the Rev. J. T. Rhys



and my friend Miss Johnson ; but she is in America, and may not see his letter for some weeks. Your correspondent's faith in the Gothenburg System is sublime. Because local magistrates here without a strong local demand could not do what the National Government in Sweden did in response to a universal demand, therefore what made it possible there was the Gothenburg system, which exists only in a few towns, and which is rejected by the great mass of the population outside those towns. His "impression" is that the Directors of the Gothenburg Company first suggested the temporary prohibition which had such splendid results during the Swedish strike in 1907 ; therefore the system must have the credit for securing its own temporary suppression, to which those results were due.

If Mr. Rhys will rely less on impressions and more on facts he will find that this national act was demanded by not only temperance reformers, notably the Good Templars, many of whom are opposed to the Gothenburg system, but also by the trade unions, including the strikers themselves, and by nearly all classes besides. The resolution of the Riksdag to try and remove one of its crying evils proves to your correspondent, not "that the system is so much a failure," but that it "is capable of improvement." Of course it is. The best improvement is that asked for by the people who live under it.

I recently pointed out in your columns that so lately as two years ago in Gothenburg itself 48,610 persons voted for, and only 491 against Prohibition (100 to 1), which put an end to not only the private but also the "disinterested" drink shops. No doubt this will prove to Mr. Rhys how "successful" the system has been in its own birthplace. In this matter he seems determined to practise the grace that "thinketh no evil." If success consists in disgusting with its operations the people actually affected, who ought to know best, I agree with him.

Prohibition would destroy the system. He admits that Norway and Sweden are "crying out for Prohibition," Sweden, may I add, by 113 to 1. That, to Mr. Rhys, "is not a proof of the failure of the system, but of its success." It has proved so satisfactory that people want to get rid of it.

No, we do not want here to make philanthropy or social service, whether local or national, dependent on disinterested profits made out of alcohol. The straight path is the best, and the nearest way to our goal. What we want is to fight drink, not to sell it.—Yours, &c.,

H. G. CHANCELLOR.

*House of Commons,  
September 16, 1913.*

#### CHILDREN AND HUNTING.

SIR,—I have read with mixed feelings the letter of Mr. Joseph Collinson, dealing with the presence of children at otter hunts, and, as the headmaster of an elementary school of over sixteen years' standing, I should like to be allowed to express my own opinions upon the question. It is supposed to be the aim of all true teachers to instil into the minds of their pupils a love

for that which is good and noble ; but when we hear of them taking out their scholars to witness a hunt of any kind, whether of otter, fox, or hare, surely they are encouraging a desire for what is cruel and cowardly. All must agree that the killing of any animal is not a pleasant thing to undertake or witness, even when done in the most humane way possible, but when the poor beast is torn limb from limb, the spectacle is not only cruel and revolting, but calculated to foster in the hearts of all who take any share therein a desire for what is degrading.

Teachers who encourage their children to witness any form of blood-sport are, in my opinion, either ignorant or callous—ignorant, if they fail to realise what the consequence must be both to the hunting and the hunted ; callous, if they care not. Doubtless many err thoughtlessly, and so take part in a pastime which is regarded as "fashionable" merely because it is supported by a certain class of people who ought to be better occupied. Fellow-teachers ! our duty is not only to refrain from actively encouraging our pupils to witness such barbarities, but to give such instruction as will create a loathing of such scenes in the hearts of the children themselves ; and unless we strenuously engage in such teaching we are neglecting what should be regarded as a sacred trust.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE GUEST.

*The School House, St. Paul's-road,  
Bournemouth, September 15, 1913.*

#### BOARDS OF GUARDIANS AND THE BLIND.

SIR,—The benevolent and powerful influence of the public press might be wisely directed to the affair of the weekly allowances made by Boards of Guardians to the blind. Nothing can justify the unaccountable variation in these allowances. Cases in which the circumstances of the recipients of Poor Law relief are absolutely identical should surely receive an equal sum as a weekly allowance. As it is, however, this allowance entirely depends upon the individual customs which prevail in particular Boards of Guardians. One cannot help feeling that the attention of the President of the Local Government Board might be given to attempting to equalise the allowances made to the blind throughout the country in the various Union areas. It will also be generally thought, as the Local Government Board has encouraged a more liberal allowance being made to destitute widows and their children, that now a similarly benevolent attention might be bestowed upon the lives of the blind in our midst who are entirely destitute.—Yours, &c.,

E. S. LANG BUCKLAND.

*27, Duffield-road, Derby,  
September 16, 1913.*

#### CAPTURE OF PRIVATE PROPERTY AT SEA.

SIR,—Since my letter on this subject appeared I have received an anonymous communication from one of your readers, which, because it contains an error very

generally held, I will ask you to allow me to notice.

The letter is signed by one "Also in favour of the abolition of the 'right' to prey on private property at sea, except contraband" ; but the writer is under the impression that our Government is also "in favour of the very thing" because it agreed to the Declaration of London, which was thrown out by the House of Lords.

This subject came up some time ago at a meeting of our local Peace Society, and in order to obtain information on the point I applied to Mr. Carl Heath, the Secretary of the National Peace Council, who wrote : "I do not think it"—the capture of private property at sea—"was touched by the Declaration of London, which was mainly an effort to harmonise the existing laws of the various Powers with regard to Naval warfare." Probably many supporters of the present Government, like my unknown correspondent, are under the impression that it is innocent in this matter, and that the House of Lords is to blame. The sooner they awake from this delusion, and join in urging the Government to take the right course, the better. Apparently it is the Admiralty that blocks the way to reform ; but even the Admiralty must yield to an enlightened public opinion which makes its determination known.—Yours,

CLEMENT E. PIKE.

*Taunton-road, Bridgwater,  
September 15, 1913.*

### BOOKS AND REVIEWS.

#### A POET OF SCIENCE.

Fabre, Poet of Science. By Dr. C. V. Legros. Translated by Bernard Miall. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

HENRI FABRE, the "Homer of the Insects," saw the light at Saint-Leons, a little commune of Provence, on December 22, 1823. His parents were small farmers, cultivating a patch of infertile soil, "poor sowers of rye, cowherds." Of a winter evening a splinter of pine dipped in resin and fixed on the wall served to give the only light ; or, to save firewood, the family shut themselves in the byre with the cows and listened to the wind and to the wolves howling in the distance. We have from his own lively pen the episode of his first responsible appointment, when, at the age of seven, he was made herdsman of the ducklings which, it was hoped, would bring a few centimes into the empty treasury. At about the same time he stepped over the threshold of learning under the guidance of his godfather, the village schoolmaster, who was also barber, bellringer, and singer in the choir. In due course the period of youth arrived when Fabre had to seek his living by the sweat of his brow ; tramping the white roads of Provence, selling lemons at the fair of Beaucaille, toiling with a gang of navvies on the line, or by such other means as came to hand. On one occasion, his resources



being reduced to a few halfpence, the price of a poor meal, he spends them instead on a little volume of poems by Reboul, baker and poet, and pacifying appetite with a handful of grapes plucked furtively from the edge of a field, regales the imagination instead. The incident is simple but it is typical of his whole life, the sacrifice of lower for higher ends. Moreover Fabre, the seeming solitary, has an exceedingly social spirit, and apart from fellow man, finds the world teeming with comrades, birds, flowers and insects. By-and-by he becomes a teacher in a primary school, finding the routine a grinding ordeal for his free, expansive nature. By dint of hard study he climbs to higher things, and eventually, obtaining his doctorate in science at Paris, is appointed to the chair of natural history in the University of Avignon. It was while he was there that Fabre just missed making his fortune by the discovery, after years of research, of the colouring principle in madder. This, together with his improved method of dyeing, promised to open a new era in this important local industry. But the production of an aniline substitute following directly after, his invention fell still-born. To the same period belongs his friendship with J. S. Mill, who had made his home at Avignon and there lost his wife. A friendship which, as his biographer remarks, was "doubtless a little remote, but which was on both sides a singularly lofty and beautiful attachment." Both tall, spare and silent, but united in sympathy and integrity of character, these two great contemplatives might be seen wandering across country side by side, each thinking his own thoughts, and each self-contained as though they were walking on parallel but distant paths.

Readers of the inimitable memoirs of insect life (*Souvenirs Entomologiques*), some of which have recently found a tardy entrance into this country through an English translation, will have picked up stray threads of the author's life, as he has sensitively interwoven the joys and sorrows of a lowlier creation with his own. Dr. Legros has now given us a sympathetic outline of the career of his revered master from the beginning. We should have preferred a style more restrained at times, and thus more in harmony with the simple, austere character depicted. The eulogy of the disciple might with advantage have been chastened. But we are grateful for the insight afforded into the personal life and aspirations of a character so fine and independent as Fabre's. Begrudging the time lost to research by his official duties, and out of sympathy with the academical orthodoxies and social conventions, he resigned his chair at the risk of his living and retired, after an interval at Orange, to the village of Sérignan, where he obtained possession of a dilapidated dwelling standing amongst lilacs and cypresses in a desert patch of stony ground. The little pink house with green shutters was repaired, the plot walled in for greater privacy, and a laboratory erected in the midst of the garden. There Fabre has lived for thirty years in such seclusion that he has been unknown by sight to some even of his fellow villagers. Laborious and happy amidst domestic

joys he has been tracing with enthusiasm, and with the help of wife and children, line upon line of that "prodigious poem" hidden in the lives of hosts of minute and curious creatures, himself, as Maeterlinck has pronounced, "the most marvellous of poets."

In spite of Fabre's uncompromising antagonism to the theory of natural selection, he and Darwin engaged in a correspondence extending over several years until Darwin's death, and resulting in the formation of a cordial friendship which serves admirably to illustrate the fine detachment of mind with which both men pursued the truth. Their tracks diverged, but they admired each other's sincerity. In face of the intricate adaptations of the insect to its conditions of life the mere survival of the fittest on a battlefield of almost infinite chances not to survive at all, appeared to Fabre nothing short of absurdity. Especially in his researches into the mental aspects of the insect's nature and habits did he find insuperable obstacles to the now generally accepted view. The insect, devoid of intelligence as of affection, is the unerring agent of instinct. Instinct governs its whole being and existence, and what it performs under its domination it does more perfectly than if it were endowed with powers of reasoning. "The insect knows nothing of its marvellous talents, just as the stomach knows nothing of its cunning chemistry." It builds, weaves, hunts, kills, or dexterously avoids killing and only paralyses its victim "always without the slightest knowledge of the means and the end." Moreover, the consummate art with which a particular wasp stabs the bee on which it preys must have been unerring from the beginning. It could not have blundered along into final exactitude through a series of gradually diminishing errors extended over an almost endless series of generations. It is a matter of hit or miss, life or death from first to last. Hence the habits of the insect call for a psychic interpretation. We are not justified in saying that the organ forged into shape by innumerable vicissitudes will then determine the aptitude of a creature. That is putting the cart before the horse. For Fabre finds identical organs put to diverse uses by different creatures, and also instances of similar physical endowment simultaneous with opposite temperament. As with man and his thoughts, so with the insect and its instincts—it is the mind that matters and governs all the rest. Nature can only be rationally explained as being erected on a Spiritual basis.

Science leads Fabre to the portals of religion. He cannot resist the conviction that all the creatures that share the face of the earth with us are accomplishing an august and appointed task. Nature, far from being perfect, indeed, is the rough sketch of a system of perfect goodness and beauty to which all things are slowly turning. The hideous and the ghoulish are the last relics of an almost extinct fauna, while in the instinct that guides the vilest grub through its day's life a rill of the divine mind that moves through all is revealed. "*De fimo ad excelsa*" is the motto of his pure and lofty genius. From the slime to the stars. Happily, as he

has said, "there are some to whom nothing in the majestic riddle of the Universe is little." Fabre stands without a rival amongst the wise teachers who have sought to turn our loathing and dread at the monstrosities of Nature into wonder and awe. The venerable naturalist is not yet tired of his task, and as he approaches his ninetieth birthday spends the twilight of his long day and the service of his waning forces on a study of the Glow-worm, that its cool star may light him to bed.

## LITERARY NOTES.

AMONG the important announcements of Messrs. Dent & Sons is a translation of "Religious Art in France in the Thirteenth Century" by Émile Mâle. M. Mâle's book has long been an indispensable companion in the study of the iconography of the Middle Ages, especially in its classical expression in the sculpture and stained glass of French churches of the thirteenth century. In its mastery of the subject and the completeness of its treatment there is no book in English which can be compared with it, and it is good news that it has found a translator. The translation has been made from the last French edition and will be profusely illustrated.

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AMONG Messrs. Dent's other autumn books are "The Masters of Past Time," a study of Dutch and Flemish Art, by Eugène Fromentin, who is at last winning the recognition among English readers due to his rare literary gifts; "Greek and Roman Sculpture," by A. Furtwängler and H. L. Ulrichs, with numerous illustrations; and "Gothic Architecture in Spain," by George Edmund Street.

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MR. DIMSDALE STOCKER, the author of "Social Idealism" and "The God Who is Man," is publishing through Mr. Erskine MacDonald a new work entitled "The Time Spirit," which constitutes a constructive survey of contemporary spiritual and psychological tendencies.

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MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NORGATE announce for publication next month a translation of M. Faguet's "Initiation into Literature," by Sir Home Gordon, who translated the same author's "Initiation into Philosophy." They are also publishing Mr. G. H. Mair's "English Literature: a Survey from Chaucer to the Present Day," an expansion of a smaller book by the author which has already appeared in the Home University Library; a work entitled "Marxism v. Socialism," by Dr. Vladimir J. Simkhovitch, Professor of Political Science at Columbia University, which is an attempt to show that Socialism from the standpoint of Marxism is impossible; a new volume by Dr. Diggle, Bishop of Carlisle, entitled "The Foundations of Duty, or Man's Duty to God, his Fellowmen, and Himself," and a volume of philosophical stories by Dr. Jacks, entitled "All Men are Ghosts," which will be welcomed by our readers.



THE *Hibbert Journal* is introducing an important new feature in its "Survey" department. In addition to the quarterly surveys of philosophy and theology, it will provide its readers in future with a survey of social work and literature by Mr. R. P. Farley, of the British Institute of Social Service. Impartial attention will be given to the social work of all religious denominations, and of all lay associations or private movements in England, America, and on the Continent. It is intended to make this survey not only of general interest, but of practical use by providing particular groups of social workers with information as to what is being done in other countries or other centres on similar lines to their own. The forthcoming issue of the *Hibbert Journal* will include an article by Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, entitled "The Progressive Party," wherein the writer sets out very fully the reasons for the formation of such a party. Sir Francis Younghusband, Professor Pringle Pattison, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Dr. H. H. Wendt are also among the contributors to this number, which promises to be of unusual interest.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. GEORGE ALLEN & CO.:—Bergson for Beginners: Darcy B. Kitchin, M.A. 5s. net.

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY:—"Have Ye Never Read?"

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS:—The Cambridge Mediaeval History, vol. ii. 20s. net. The Interregnum: R. A. P. Hill, B.A., M.D. 4s. 6d. net. The Little Schools of Port Royal: H. C. Barnard, M.A., B.Litt. 7s. 6d. net. Social Programmes in the West: C. R. Henderson, Ph.D. 5s. net.

MESSRS. T. & T. CLARK:—Jesus and the Future: E. W. Winstanley, D.D. 7s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS:—Belisarius: John Presland. 5s. net.

MESSRS. HEATH, CRANTON & OUSELEY:—Vincent de Paul: E. K. Sanders. 16s. net.

MESSRS. HODDER & STOUGHTON:—Bond or Free: David Lyall. 6s. Days with the Great Novelists. 3s. 6d. net. Days with the Victorian Poets. 3s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co.:—Lollardy and the Reformation in England: James Gairdner, C.B., LL.B., D.Litt. 10s. 6d. net.

MESSRS. PUTNAM'S SONS:—The Broken Halo: Florence L. Barclay. 6s.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co.:—The Soul Healing Psalter: T. Brozel. 2s. net.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN:—Modern Russia: Gregor Alexinsky. 15s. net. Egyptian Art: Gaston Maspero. 21s. net. Men and Rails: Rowland Kenney. 6s. net. Rudolf Eucken: Meyrick Booth. 3s. 6d. net.

## FOR THE CHILDREN.

### ALL AMONG THE HEATHER.

#### III.

LEAVE Ida alone, Fanny. You and I and Willie will wash up and repack the baskets without her. The child does not often get a chance of riding her hobby in the country. She has been poring over butterworts for many minutes. Take her this cloak to kneel on, or she will soak her frock in that wet place. What does she say? Wishes butterwort would grow in dry places? It will grow in dryer spots than this, close to a tiny runnel or an otherwise dry hillside, for instance; but moisture it must have;

so must sundew. We will go and search for some. Look for a red plant growing on or among wet moss, light yellowish or whitish green moss. Ida is calling joyfully. She must have found some. Yes, that is it; but those pretty round flat things are not red flowers; they are the leaves. Look for some more plants; you will find some with a wiry, leafless stalk, some three to five inches long. If only some of its flowers, small white ones, are expanded, this stalk will be curled up, but it will gradually straighten as they all open, remaining erect when bearing the chaff-like brownish yellow seed vessels.

Now we have specimens of each stage of stalk erection. Yes, it is no wonder that you all took the round red leaves for flowers. They are lovely in the sunshine when each of the tiny red hairs which surround the leaf has a little drop of shining red fluid at the tip. You see an insect, or parts of an insect, on almost every leaf. These are the hapless victims of the sundew. When an insect alights on, or is blown against, a leaf it is held fast by the stickiness of the surface. Its efforts to escape set up irritation in the red hairs and in the blade of the leaf, and one hair after another slowly bends over towards the captive, and the leaf curves in its edges so as to make escape impossible. Next the leaf pours out a fluid which acts on the softer parts of the insect, and, as in the case of the butterwort, dissolves them and absorbs them as nourishment for the plant. "Horrid little plant," you say? Well, it is rather horrid to think of the poor little trapped fly; but let us hope that the viscid fluid drugs the insect so that it is not conscious of pain. After all I do not know that its fate is any worse than that of the fly caught in a spider's web, or a daddy-long-legs held in the bill of a bird which is calmly waiting to add some more insects to her stock before she goes to the hungry brood.

Come here, Willie; let me cut a tiny snip of hair off your head. See, I drop it on this young, empty leaf. There! a red-tipped hair has begun to bend over towards it; now another has reached it; but they are not as active as they would be if it were a living, struggling insect. The struggle seems to play an important part. Here is an atom of cold beef from a sandwich. The hairs don't move readily towards it. I suppose because it is cooked. Try a grain of sand. No movement whatever! You can't impose on a sundew.

See if any of you can find some grass of Parnassus for Ida's collection. No, Charlie, that won't do. Grass of Parnassus is not a bit like any ordinary grass. It has short-stalked roundish leaves, and bears lovely white flowers with a bright yellow centre. The flowers are very delicately veined, and open flat and round to the sky on tall, straight stalks. It loves moist places, so does bog asphodel, as its name tells us. We shall hardly find that plant in flower now, but its yellow stars were brightening this place a few weeks ago, for here are the brownish yellow seed vessels at the top of a short stiff stalk. Bog bean? Oh, we are far too late for that. It is one of our loveliest spring flowers.

Willie says he is tired of plant hunting and wants to look for something alive. Shall it be caddis-worms? If so we must go down to the bed of the stream. It might be as well for you to paddle, since, if you don't, you are bound to get wet footgear; so off with shoes and stockings!

No, you can't all crowd round one tiny rock pool. Ida knows a caddis-worm when she sees one, so you go with her Willie. Fanny and Charlie shall hunt beside me. We are to look for little brownish tubes from about an inch to an inch and a half in length. They contain caddis-worms. Like snail shells? Not exactly; for, so far as I know, snails begin and end their lives in their shells and the shells grow as they grow. The caddis-worm leaves its tube to become a caddis-fly. The caddis has a soft body which is considered good eating by some other and larger creatures in the beck, so to protect herself she collects bits of dead water-logged stick, grass, or straw, also little stones, and in some curious way glues them to form a case around her.

Here is one of the cases. You might easily have taken it for a scrap of dead twig, but you see it is made up of various materials. There! it is moving a little. I can see the creature's head and two of its six legs protruding from the case. Now the other four are out. It seems anxious to climb that half-covered stone. Probably it is about ready to turn into a fly. I had one like this in a saucer last week, with a few stones and weeds, and, of course, water from the beck. After leading a pretty quiet life for two days I found it crawling up the largest stone at a very slow rate, and stopping a long time at rest. I put a lid over the saucer, and left it all night. Next day a dry, empty, transparent skin lay on the dry end of the stone, and beside it rested a brown fly which looked almost too big to have come out of that small case. It was still, and did not seem to be taking notice of anything. I had read that caddis-flies do not care for bright sunshine, so I covered it again until towards sunset, when I took it into the garden. Soon it began to twiddle its antennæ a little, and in less than two minutes it suddenly soared up into the air and flew off over a tall apple tree as if it had practised flying before. Yet this was its very first flight.

Let us lift up some of these flat stones. Caddis worms seem to like shade. Charlie has found one. What a funny-looking thing it is with those two inch-long bits of fine twig sticking out beyond the main mass. Yes, you may pick it up by one of them. They do not appear to suffer from being lifted out of the water for a time. We will take some home in a mug and you shall have a glass dish in which to set up a holiday aquarium.

Now, children, we must collect our belongings and make our way home. Carefully down that grassy slope, or you may tumble and scatter your various treasures. Fanny, you are a treasure! To think of your finding what I have been on the lookout for the last week or more—an emperor moth caterpillar! Isn't it a beauty, with its long green stripes and black—or are they very dark brown?—rings, with the bright pink dots on them?



Did you ever see a better instance of protective colouring? Just the colours of this heather.

EMILY NEWLING.

## MEETINGS AND GENERAL NEWS.

### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

#### ADDRESS BY

#### REV. P. H. WICKSTEED AT BIRMINGHAM.

THE Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, President of the Section of Economics at the Birmingham meeting of the British Association last week, discussed in his presidential address the scope and method of political economy in the light of the "marginal" or "differential" theory of distribution.

In the course of a summary exposition of the theory, he said when we were considering whether we would contract or enlarge our expenditure upon this or that object, we were normally engaged in considering the difference to our satisfaction which differences in our several supplies would make. We were normally engaged, then, not in the consideration of totals, either of supplies or of satisfactions, but of differences of satisfaction dependent upon differences of supplies. According to this theory, what a person was willing to give for an increase in his supply of anything was determined by the difference it would make to his satisfaction; but what he would have to give for it was determined by the difference it would make to the satisfaction of certain other people, for, if there was any one to whom it would make more difference than it would to him, this other person would be ready to give more for it, and would get it.

Proceeding to consider the theory of distribution, Mr. Wicksteed said the economic organism of an industrial society represented the instrumentality by which every man by doing what he could for some of his fellows got what he wanted from others. The manager of a business was constantly engaged in considering, for instance, how much labour such-and-such a machine would save; how much raw material a man of such-and-such character would save; what equivalent an expansion of his premises would yield in ease and smoothness in the conduct of business; and so on. This was considering differential significances and their equivalences as they affected his business. And all the time he was also considering the prices at which he could obtain these several factors, dependent upon their differential significances to other people in other businesses. His skill consisted, like that of the housewife in the market, in expanding and contracting his expenditure on the several factors of production so as to bring their differential significances to himself into coincidence with their market prices. Here, then, they had a firm theoretical basis for the study of distri-

bution, independent of the particular form of organisation of a business. Each person in the economic scale was engaged in considering differences. This "differential" method in economics (on the "marginal" method, as it was usually called) must, he conceived, tend to enlarge and to harmonise their conception of the scope of the study, and to keep it in constant touch with the wider ethical, social, and sociological problems and aspirations from which it must always draw its inspiration and derive its interest.

If they really understood and accepted the principle of differential significances they would realise that their conduct in business was but a phase or part of their conduct in life, both being determined by the sense, such as it was, of differential significances and their changing weights as the integrals of which they were the differences expanded or contracted. Caesar, "that day he overcame the Nervii," being surprised by the enemy, contracted his exhortation to the troops, but did not omit it. In his distribution of the time at his disposal the differential significance of prompt movement was higher than usual in relation to the differential significance of stirring words from their beloved and trusted commander addressed to the soldiers as they entered upon action. An ardent lover might decline a business interview in order to keep an appointment with his lady-love, but there would be a point at which its estimated bearing upon his prospects of an early settlement would make him break his appointment with the lady in favour of the business interview. Such people, therefore, were making selections and choosing between alternatives on precisely the same principle and under precisely the same law as those which dominated the transactions of the housewife in the market, or the management of a great factory or ironworks, or the business of a bill-broker.

A full realisation of this would produce two effects. In the first place, it would put an end to all attempts to find "laws" proper to their conduct in economic relations. There were none. Hitherto economists for the most part had been vaguely conscious that the ultimate laws of economic conduct must be psychological, and, feeling the necessity of determining some defining boundaries of their study, had sought to make a selection of the motives and aims that were to be recognised by it. Hence the simplified psychology of the "economic man" now generally abandoned—but abandoned grudgingly, by piecemeal, under pressure, and with constant attempts to patch up what ought to be cast away. There was no occasion to define the economic motive, or the psychology of the economic man, for economics studied a type of relation, not a type of motive, and the psychological law that dominated economics dominated life.

In the second place, they would understand that the proper field of economic study was, in the first instance, the type of relationship into which men spontaneously entered, when they found that they could best further their own purposes by approaching them indirectly. There was seldom a direct line by which a man

could make his faculties and his specialised possessions minister continuously to all his purposes, or even to the greater part or the most importunate part of them. He must find someone else to whose purposes he could directly devote his powers or lend his resources. Thus in our industrial relations the thing we were doing was indeed an end, but it was some one else's end, not ours; and, as far as the relation was really economic, the significance to us of what we were doing was measured not by its importance to the man for whom it was done, but by the degree to which it furthered our own ends.

These and other such considerations would profoundly affect the spirit in which they approached their investigation of the market. For they would not only know but would always feel that the economic machine was constructed and moved by individuals for individual ends, and that its social effect was incidental. It was a means and its whole value consisted in the nature of the ends it subserved, and its efficacy in subserving them. For this reason the sanity of men's desires mattered more than the abundance of their means of accomplishing them, and the final goal of education and of legislation alike must be to thwart corrupt and degrading ends, to stimulate worthy desires to infect the mind with a wholesome scheme of values, and to direct means into the channels where they were likeliest to conduce to worthy ends. The economic laws, therefore, must not be sought and could not be found on the properly economic field. It was on the vital field that they must be discovered and studied, and the data of economics interpreted. To recognise this would be to humanise economics.

### PORTUGUESE SLAVERY.

THE Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society, in a letter to the Foreign Office, responds to Lord Morley's speech on Portuguese slavery in the House of Lords by setting forth what the Committee considers a "proper and practicable" policy, so far as the emancipation of the slaves on the islands is concerned. The Society points out that the British Government has been misinformed upon the question of shipping capacity; that the alleged difficulty, due to the lack of ships, is not a "tremendous one," for, as the Society demonstrates by published shipping tables, the carrying capacity available to the Portuguese for this purpose varies from 1,000 to 1,500 persons per month, whereas, during the last sixteen months the average rate of emancipation and repatriation has only been 164 per month. The Society urges the Foreign Office to subject information emanating from Portuguese sources "to the closest scrutiny before giving to it the official currency of the British Foreign Office." It also demands an emancipation at a rate of not less than 12,000 per annum, and points out that the total cost of liberating the 35,000 people held in bondage on the islands would not exceed £70,000. "It is interesting to note," the letter continues, "that this emancipation could be



carried out with the admitted defalcations in the Repatriation Fund, providing, of course, the planters could be, as they should be, compelled to return the monies they have misappropriated"—defalcations which are officially admitted.

The objection may be raised "that the plantations would suffer from a lack of labour by repatriating 1,000 to 1,500 a month. If the existence of slavery and all its inhuman concomitants were frankly accepted by the Portuguese, such an objection would be tenable, but the exact contrary is the case. The labour conditions, particularly on the islands, are declared to be ideal. Food, clothing and housing are, we are told, far more abundant and of better quality than on the mainland; that there is no corporal punishment; and, finally, that the natives are supremely happy on the plantations. Whilst these views are firmly held and disseminated, it cannot be argued that the restoration of thousands of natives to the mainland would tend to lessen the labour force. The return of natives to their tribal homes, spreading this good news, should act as a most powerful recruiting agency. Young and vigorous labourers, men and women, hearing of such conditions so incomparably superior to anything on the mainland, would, we should naturally assume, hasten to the ports of embarkation for the islands. If, on the other hand, we are right in regarding these representations as ill-founded, it cannot, we respectfully submit, be the duty of His Majesty's Government, as representing the British nation, to take into account the consequences of the conduct of the planters of Portuguese West Africa towards their labourers."

The Society is determined to press this demand vigorously by appealing to public opinion both in England and on the Continent for support. The Continental campaign is being directed by M. René Claparède, the well-known Swiss publicist.

## THE SOCIAL MOVEMENT.

### LAND AND AGRICULTURAL REFORM.

THE growing feeling in favour of land reform has received no more emphatic statement in recent times than in "A Unionist Agricultural Policy, by a group of Unionists" (Murray, 6d.), which is summarised in the *Times* of Wednesday last, and to which a leading article is devoted. The writers advocate the use of intensive methods of cultivation, by which they think that the annual food production of Great Britain, now amounting to £151,000,000, might be increased by upwards of £80,000,000, and the number of the agricultural population might be enlarged by at least 500,000 labourers or small holders. The land of Great Britain, they contend, ought to find occupation and employment for 75, instead of as at present 36 persons, per thousand acres of cultivated area. But in order to attract people back to the land, security of tenure and a decent maintenance must be made possible for them. Some means must be found of raising the labourers' wages to

subsistence level, and the most practical method is by the establishment of agricultural Wages Boards, local joint bodies which would sit in conference under an impartial chairman to fix the rate of wages. Side by side with a direct increase in wages, an opportunity must be offered to the labourer of acquiring an interest in the land. "For this purpose," says the memorandum, "land near villages must be made available for every deserving inhabitant. Every cottage should have at least one-quarter of an acre of garden, and there must be a sufficient supply of land for allotments; but further, and perhaps most important of all, a sufficient amount of pasture land must be set aside as a common cow pasture."

\* \* \*

### RURAL EDUCATION AND DEVELOPMENT.

"As an integral part of the scheme of rural regeneration there must be a national system of training colleges sufficient to train effectively all would-be teachers. Elementary education in town and country alike must be made more practical, and the manual method must be adopted. In rural districts the necessary continuation instruction can be best given in centralised continuation day schools, which children would attend either two afternoons or two mornings in the week. In thinly populated districts the instruction might be given by travelling teachers. Instruction for the adult agriculturist must also be developed in every direction, and demonstration farms could, and must, be made to play a very important part in such education. The grants in aid of agricultural education are wholly inadequate, and must be increased in order to put agricultural on the same footing as general education." Co-operation must play an important part in the work of organising agriculture, and credit banks should be established as the first practical step towards that end. Facilities for the acquisition of lands should not be confined to small holders, and the State should be empowered to advance to intending buyers the whole of the purchase money, which would be repaid by annual instalments of principal and interest. The present income of the Board of Agriculture, about £158,000, is altogether inadequate, and to place it on a level with foreign departments, and to enable it to discharge efficiently the new duties imposed upon it, an income of at least £1,000,000 would be required. Lastly, facilities for the transport of agricultural produce must be improved and the differentiation against home produce checked.

## NEWS OF THE CHURCHES.

**Birmingham.**—On Sunday, September 14, Sunday School and Harvest Thanksgiving Services were conducted at Hurst-street Mission by Mr. W. J. Clarke morning, afternoon, and evening; the address in the morning being given by the Rev. Gertrude Von Petzold, in the afternoon by the Rev. J. W. Austin, and in the evening by the Rev. Charles Thrift. The chapel had been artistically decorated by the Sunday School Committee, and special

music was effectively rendered by the Sunday school choir and scholars under the direction of Mr. C. Johnson, and by the chapel choir under the direction of Mr. R. A. Clarke.

**Lewes.**—Westgate Chapel is now undergoing alterations, and donations towards the expense will be gratefully acknowledged by the secretary, Mr. W. B. Funnell, 3, Grange-road, Lewes. An appreciation of the Rev. J. M. Connell's work as minister of the chapel recently appeared in a local paper, from which it is evident that his quiet earnestness and scholarly tastes have already exercised some influence and won him many friends in Lewes.

**Oldbury.**—At a recent meeting of the Unitarian Church Committee, the resignation of the minister, the Rev. J. Hipperson, Ph.B., was received with deep regret. Mr. Hipperson has accepted a unanimous invitation to the Edward-street Chapel, Macclesfield, and will terminate his ministry in Oldbury at the end of the year.

**Portsmouth.**—After undergoing extensive renovation and repairs the St. Thomas's-street General Baptist Church was reopened on Sunday, September 14. The service was conducted by the minister, the Rev. T. Bond, assisted by Eng.-Capt. A. Hills. Special music was rendered by the choir. Mr. Bond, in his address, gave an interesting account of the origin of the venerable house of worship, in which a congregation has assembled every Sunday without a break for over 220 years, except when the building was under repair. He thought the present congregation could rejoice at the improvement in the appearance of the church, to which he had given his humble service for the past 27 years.

**Stockton-on-Tees.**—The Rev. Arthur Scruton has re-commenced his open-air addresses, which were suspended during August. A large and attentive audience gathered in the High-street on Friday evening last, when "Practical Religion" was the subject of his discourse. On Sunday evening last Mr. Scruton delivered the fifth of a series of special monthly lectures, his subject being "Socrates, the Prophet of Love." During the summer the men of the congregation of the Unitarian Church have enjoyed weekly rambles in the country, and these have proved exceedingly popular and helped to draw together the old and new members of the church.

**Stratford.**—Mr. F. Cottier, minister-in-charge of the Unitarian Church at Stratford, writes as follows from the Pioneer Preachers' Hostel, 28, King-square, Goswell-road, E.C.:—"May I encroach upon your space to make a brief appeal? The Sunday school at Stratford, East London, has a well organised infants' school (Archibald system), but is desirous of extending the method to the junior department. There are 50 children and 10 young teachers, all willing, as a starting equipment, also a piano and a large schoolroom. Is there any lady or gentleman who will come forward for a few months and take charge, training the teachers and organising the department? Also the teachers, being mostly engaged in evening employment during the week, would welcome a visitor or visitors who had some leisure and could systematically visit the children and the children's parents. Any help that can be given in this work will be well repaid by the willing co-operation of the band of workers now engaged."

The annual sports connected with the West Ham Association of Boy Scouts were held last Saturday. The 4th West Ham Troup connected with the West Ham Lane Unitarian Church entered a team, and had the good fortune to win the Challenge Cup for ambulance work in open competition against 23 troupes, nine of which actually competed on the field. The winning troupe gained 100 per cent. in theoretical and nearly 90 per cent. in practical work. The cup will be held for one year, when it must be returned for further competition, but if won by the same team for



three years it becomes their property. The troop is now well equipped with assistants and instructors; and besides ambulance work, studies Morse signalling and wireless telegraphy, gymnastics, and many other subjects.

**The late Mr. Martin Waite.**—Many members of the Manchester Unitarian churches will read with regret the announcement of the death, at Gillingham, in Kent, of Mr. Martin Waite. Born at Croft, Lincolnshire, of Anglican parents some sixty-five years ago, he migrated in the early years of manhood to Manchester, and except for a short residence in Bolton, where he was for a time in business, Manchester was his place of abode and labour until about eighteen months ago. Continued ill-health then brought about an enforced retirement, and sent him south in the hope that thereby his life might be prolonged. Early in life his simplicity of soul and ardent spirituality drew him to the Quakers, and those who were privileged to share his confidence knew how deep and lasting were the impressions made upon him by that experience. But for the Hicksite trouble he might have continued a "Friend" all his life. He was led to resign his connection with the Society in protest against the action of the annual meeting in London in expelling a Manchester member on account of his attitude towards the American controversy. At that time the Rev. Silas Farrington was minister at Upper Brook-street Church, Manchester, and under his influence Mr. Waite was led to join the congregation. It was by Mr. Farrington that Mr. Waite was introduced to Mr. Henry Marsden. The result was that the two entered into partnership in business as wholesale clothiers—a partnership only dissolved by death. Nearly twenty years ago, when the "forward movement" was inaugurated in the Manchester district, Mr. Waite took voluntary charge of the missionary movement at Bradford. As superintendent of the school and warden of the church, he won the veneration and love of a devoted band of workers. On taking up his residence at Gorton eleven years ago he and his family attached themselves to the Brookfield Church, and up to the time of their removal to Gillingham rendered invaluable service in unstinted measure. Mr. Waite was a meditative, well-read man, shrewdly critical, though ever kindly, and his profound piety made him a most helpful guide, philosopher, and friend to ministers. His presence on a committee or a platform seemed to raise the tone of the proceedings above all personal or party considerations. He had ever a kindly word for the humblest servant, or the poorest customer, and his benevolence found many avenues of activity among the poor of Bradford and Openshaw. While not averse to the many forms of social activity associated with the institutional side of the church life, he emphasised the need for a more spiritual message in the pulpit, and welcomed such a message with fervour. There abides in the memory of those who knew him a sense of wonder that with his feeble health he was able to accomplish so much, and paramount over all a sense of gratitude for the sweet fragrance of his faithful life.

## NOTES AND JOTTINGS.

### THE WORK OF GEORGE TINWORTH.

Ruskin described the late Mr. George Tinworth, the well-known modeller in terra-cotta, whose name has for so long been associated with the firm of Doulton,

as an artist "full of fire and zealous faculty, breaking its way through all conventionalism to such truth as it can conceive—able also to conceive far more than can rightly be expressed on this scale." Born of poor parents—his father was a wheelwright and much too fond of drink—he had some difficulty in emancipating himself from uncongenial toil in order to pursue the calling for which he soon discovered that he had a vocation. His father tried to literally thrash the artistic notions and worship of "graven images" out of him, and destroyed his first small carvings ruthlessly; but his mother, in spite of her Calvinistic views, secretly supplied him with materials for his work, and at the age of 17 he was able to enter a small school of art at Lambeth, from which he passed to the Royal Academy Schools in 1864. In his youth the Bible was the only reading permitted to the boy, the result being that he was steeped in its atmosphere, and had a preference for Scriptural subjects which he interpreted with real sincerity and truth. Many of his panels representing Biblical characters and incidents are in Truro Cathedral, Sandringham Church, the English Church at Copenhagen, the Guards' Chapel, St. James's Park, and Old Lambeth Church. Two panels which were only recently completed have been placed in the Church of the Mediator, New York.

### MUSIC AS AN INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE.

Music has always had a uniting effect in bringing together people of various races and climes, capable of responding to beautiful harmonies and stirred by kindred emotions. Professor D. G. Mason, in a pamphlet published by the American Association for International Conciliation, now definitely claims it, together with art and literature, as one of the great forces that must be drawn upon more and more for the purpose of promoting peace and brotherhood among the nations. Its message is less concrete than that of literature, which by reason of the detailed information it can give us must doubtless always serve as the chief servant of international peace; but it appeals, perhaps, more intimately to those profound temperamental sympathies and affinities that sway mankind when the intellectual appeal is unheeded. National airs and patriotic songs have from earliest times been among the chief inspirations of the human race, and we hope the time will never come when those captivating peculiarities and varieties of rhythm which make all the difference between the music of Chopin and Grieg, Bach and Tschaikowsky, a Russian folk-song or a plantation melody, will be obliterated. But internationalism does not mean the suppression of individuality, and if the music of the future is to express more perfectly the emotions that are productive of mutual sympathy, it must do so, not by ceasing to preserve certain local qualities, but by delving into the subconscious element deeper than our national loves and hates, and working on that part of our nature wherein we are most in accord with each other and with universal laws.

### THE GRIEVANCES OF THE CLERKS.

The clerk belongs to a class which does not believe in making protests, like other "working men," against the conditions which keep him poor and doom about 50 per cent. of those who follow his calling to an early death from consumption. The reasons are well known, and have their origin in many causes which Bernard Shaw has laid more than once before an audience of unimpeachable respectability, in support of an appeal to them to form a Middle Class Party and work for their own emancipation. It is interesting to know, however, that a number of clerks, men and women, were bold enough to march in procession to Hyde Park a week ago, carrying sandwich boards to advertise their purpose, and that at a subsequent meeting they passed a resolution urging the Government to make compulsory the inspection of offices. Mr. W. J. Reed stated that one of the evils of the present system was the situation of clerks' offices, in many cases two storeys underground. The reforms for which the demonstrators agitated, as members of the National Union of Clerks, are compulsory inspection of offices by Government inspectors to ensure healthy and sanitary conditions, which, it appears, are too frequently lacking; a minimum wage of 35s. a week and overtime; reform of the secret reference system, and a system of day classes for young clerks to supersede the present night classes. There are, it was stated, over 600,000 men and women clerks all over the country earning an average wage of only 25s.

### A MID-VICTORIAN SOCIALIST.

The late Mr. Harry Quelch first entered politics as a Conservative, but later on he was converted to Socialism, and became a fervent disciple of Karl Marx, joining the Democratic Federation, which afterwards became the Social Democratic Federation, in 1881. This brought him into active association with Hyndman, William Morris, Mrs. Helen Taylor (John Stuart Mill's daughter), and Mr. John Burns, and when William Morris and others originally bound up with the S.D.F. dropped out, he became, next to Mr. Hyndman, its principal leader. He led a strenuous life, sometimes getting into serious trouble for his opinions, as when he was turned out of Germany for making an insulting allusion to the Hague Conference, and always expressed himself with gladiatorial energy and some bitterness on the public platform. He gave thirty years of his life to the cause of the workers, from whose ranks he sprang, and his sincerity and single-mindedness was appreciated by many who could not sympathise with his views. Mr. Quelch began to earn his living in an upholsterer's at the age of ten, and subsequently followed many trades. He learnt French while still a labourer in order that he might be able to read the French translation of "Karl Marx's 'Das Kapital,'" and in 1900 published a translation of Marx's "Misère de la Philosophie." This, together with some knowledge of German, enabled him to give a good service of foreign Socialist news in *Justice*, which he edited for some years.



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**Public Opinion** can be had at all Newsagents and Bookstalls at 2d.; a specimen copy free. It can be sent for one year in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; abroad, 13s., post free. Address **MANAGER, Public Opinion**, 32 and 33, Temple House, Tallis-street, London, E.C.

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## THE FEATURE OF FRIDAY

"**Public Opinion** excites my liveliest gratitude," writes a Minister. "In charge of big churches, and liable to be called upon to speak to large masses of men on all vital topics, I count it a very good day in my life when a friend advised me to take **Public Opinion**. If you advanced it to the price of the *Spectator* I should not give the question of continuance a second thought."

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# PUBLIC OPINION

Edited by PERCY L. PARKER

TWOPENCE WEEKLY



## OUR CHESS COLUMN.

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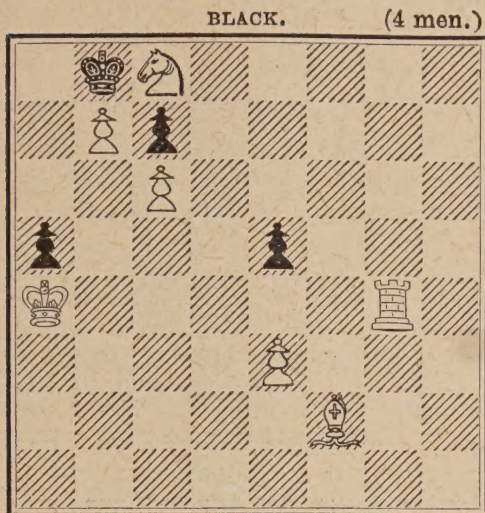
By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS, F.C.A.

SEPT. 20, 1913.

**All communications for this department must be addressed to the office of THE INQUIRER, 3, Essex-street, Strand, W.C., marked "Chess." Criticisms and solutions will be acknowledged, and should be received the Saturday following publication.**

## PROBLEM No. 24.

By PHILIP H. WILLIAMS,  
(Suggested by No. 23).



White to play and mate in three moves.

## SOLUTION TO No. 22.

1. R. R4 (key-move).

Correctly solved by E. C., W. Hudson, W. Clark, Harold Coventry, Arthur Perry, R. E. Shawcross, Rev. B. C. Constable, R. B. D. (Edinburgh), M. G. O. (Edinburgh), W. S. B., Dr. C. G. Higginson, T. Bulman, W. E. Arkell, W. T. M. (Sunderland), Rev. I. Wrigley, A. H. Ireland, F. S. M. (Mayfield), Edward Hammond.

No. 21 from T. Bulman, P. Grimshaw.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. J. HAMBLIN.—In No. 22, the presence of the white B is more subtle than you think. The variation apart from other considerations would be weak; but, before the key, if 1... P. B4, there is an apparent mate by 2! B x P. Moreover, the presence of this B has led two solvers astray (1. B x P and 1. B. B8).

CHARLES WILLING (U.S.A.).—Your solution to No. 19 is correct, but 1. Kt. K7 for No. 20 is defeated by 1... Kt x P.

A. MIELZINER.—See reply to Mr. Hamblin.

Problem No. 24 will be interesting to the composer of No. 23, as it is an offshoot of his idea. There is perhaps a trifle more in the setting, not necessarily because there is no initial stalemate, but because there are two lines of play, and the kind of opposition between the two P's on the king's file is rather amusing. The number of men is the same. To those who have studied No. 23, my problem will present no difficulty.

WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP.—It is reported that Dr. Lasker has accepted the challenge of A. Rubinstein, the Russian master. It is to be hoped that something will come of it, since it is high time Dr. Lasker should abandon the arbitrary method (indulged in for years past) of declining any challenges which do not apparently suit him, by imposing all sorts of vexatious conditions as to time-limit, place, stakes, &c. It seems extraordinary that the world's champion apparently has the power to retain his title until a challenger is forthcoming who suits his convenience to play for this momentous title.

## The Inquirer.

Among recent Articles are the following:—

"An Oxford Meditation." By Rev. Dr. DRUMMOND. Sept. 13.

"Archbishop Laud as a Rationalist." By Rev. J. H. M. NOLAN. Sept. 13.

"Renewing Our Youth." By Rev. E. W. LEWIS, M.A., B.D. Sept. 6.

"Back to the Land." By Rev. J. M. LLOYD THOMAS. Aug. 23.

"Paradise: Yonder and Here." By Rev. W. J. JUPP. Aug. 16 and 23.

"Two Aspects of Religion." By Rev. Dr. DRUMMOND. Aug. 9.

"The Women's Pilgrimage and its Moral Significance." By Rev. H. E. B. SPEIGHT, M.A. Aug. 2.

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Printed by UNWIN BROTHERS, LTD., 27, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. and Published by THE INQUIRER Publishing Company, Ltd., at the Office, 3, Essex-street, Strand, London, W.C. Manchester (Wholesale). JOHN HEYWOOD, Deansgate.—Saturday September 20, 1913.

\* Regarding Advertisement Rates see inside Front Cover.